

P S A L M S

A N D

Bible
Hymns
H Y M N S,

F O R

T H E U S E O F

T H E C H A P E L

O F T H E

A S Y L U M

F O R

F E M A L E O R P H A N S.

P R I C E S I X - P E N C E .

L O N D O N :

Printed by HARRIOT BUNCE, M.DCC.LXXIII.



P S A L M S

A N D

H Y M N S.

P S A L M X. Ver. 12, 13, 14, 18.

O LORD, our God, do thou arise,
Stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatness of thy Power,
Preserve the Poor from Harm.

No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
And proudly boasting say,
“Tush, God regards not what we do,
“He never will repay.

But sure thou see’st, and all their Deeds
Impartially dost try;
The Orphans, therefore, and the Poor,
On thee for Aid rely.

Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh’st
The Fatherless and Poor;
That so the Tyrants of the Earth
May persecute no more.

(4)
P S A L M XVIII.

VER. 16, 17, 18, 19.

THE Lord did on my Side engage,
From Heav'n, his Throne, my Cause upheld,
And snatch'd me from the furious Rage
Of threat'ning Waves, which proudly swell'd.

God his resistless Power employed,
My strongest Foes Attempts to break ;
Who else, with Ease, had soon destroyed
The weak Defence that I could make.

Their subtle Rage had soon prevail'd,
When I distrest and friendless lay ;
But, when all other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.

From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and set me free ;
For some just Cause his Goodness found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.

P S A L M XIX.

VER. 7, 8, 9, 11.

GOD's perfect Law converts the Soul,
 Reclaims from false Desires ;
 With sacred Wisdom his sure Word
 The Ignorant inspires.

The Statutes of the Lord are just,
 And bring sincere Delight :
 His pure Commands in Search of Truth
 Assist the feeblest Sight.

His perfect Worship here is fix'd,
 On sure Foundations laid ;
 His equal Laws are in the Scales
 Of Truth and Justice weigh'd.

Our trusty Counsellors they are,
 And friendly Warnings give :
 Divine Rewards attend on those
 Who by God's Precepts live.

P S A L M XXII.

VER. 23, 24, 29, 30.

YE Worshippers of Jacob's God,
 All ye of Isr'el's Line,
 O praise the Lord, and to your Praise
 Sincere Obedience join.

He ne'er disdain'd on low Distress
 To cast a gracious Eye ;
 Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
 But heard it's humble Cry.

The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
 His Bounty must confess ;
 The Sons of Want, by Him reliev'd,
 Their gen'rous Patron bless.

With humble Worship to his Throne,
 They all for Aid resort ;
 That Pow'r, which first their Beings gave,
 Can only them support.

P S A L M XXIII.

VER. I, 2, 3, 4.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
 The Shepherd, by whose constant Care,
 My Wants are all supplied.

In tender Grass he makes me feed,
 And gently there repose;
 Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
 Refreshing Water flows.

He does my wandering Soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless Praise,
 Instructs, with humble Zeal, to walk
 In his most righteous Ways.

I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,
 From Fear and Danger free;
 For there his aiding Rod and Staff
 Defend and comfort me.

P S A L M XXXIV.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 15.

THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
 In Trouble and in Joy,
 The Praises of my God shall still
 My Heart and Tongue employ.

Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distressed,
 From my Example Comfort take,
 And charm their Grievs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his Name ;
 When in Distress to him I call'd
 He to my Rescue came.

The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Just
 With favourable Eyes ;
 And, when distressed, his gracious Ear
 Is open to their Cries.

P S A L M XXXVII.

VER. 23, 24, 39.

THE good Man's Way is God's Delight,
 He orders all the Steps aright
 Of him that moves by his Command :
 Tho' he sometime may be distress'd,
 Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
 For God upholds him with his Hand.

From my first Youth, till Age prevail'd,
 I never saw the Righteous fail'd,
 Or Want o'ertake his numerous Race ;
 Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,
 And he did cheerfully impart,
 God made his Offspring's Wealth increase.

He to the Just will Aid afford,
 Their only Safeguard is the Lord,
 Their Strength in Time of Need is he ;
 Because on him they still depend,
 The Lord will timely Succour send,
 And from the Wicked set them free.

P S A L M XLI.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 13.

HAPPY the Man, whose tender Care
 Relieves the Poor distress;
 When Troubles compass him around
 The Lord shall give him Rest.

The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,
 In Safety shall prolong;
 And disappoint the Will of those
 That seek to do him Wrong.

If he, in languishing Estate,
 Oppress'd with Sickness lie,
 The Lord will easy make his Bed,
 And inward Strength supply.

Let therefore Isr'el's Lord and God,
 From Age to Age be blest'd;
 And be the People's glad Applause,
 With loud *Amens* express'd.

P S A L M CIV.
OLD VERSION.

VER. 1, 2, 3, and *Gloria Patri.*

MY Soul, praise the Lord, speak Good of his
Name,

O Lord our great God, how dost thou appear !
So passing in Glory, that great is thy Fame :
Honour and Majesty in thee shine most clear.

With Light as a Robe, thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the Earth, thy Greatness may see :
The Heav'ns in such Sort thou also hast spread,
That they to a Curtain compared may be.

His Chamber-beams lie, in the Clouds full sure,
Which as his Chariots, are made him to bear :
And there with much Swiftneſs, his Courſe doth
endure,

Upon the Wings riding, of Winds in the Air.

By Angels in Heav'n of every Degree,
And Saints upon Earth, all Praise be addreſt,
As it has been, now is, and always ſhall be,
To God in Three Perſons, One God ever bleſt.

P S A L M CXIII.

VER. 4, 5, 6, 9.

THE Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
 Shines brightest in Affliction's Night :
 To pity the Distrest inclin'd,
 As well as just to all Mankind.

His lib'ral Favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends ;
 Yet what his Charity impairs,
 He saves by Prudence in Affairs.

Beset with threat'ning Dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground ;
 The sweet Remembrance of the Just
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.

His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
 His Glory's future harvest sow'd ;
 Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
 A temp'ral and eternal Crown.

P S A L M CXIII.

YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
 The Triumphs of his Name record,
 His sacred Name for ever bless ;
 Where'er the circling Sun displays
 His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
 Due praise to his great Name address.
 God thro' the World extends his Sway ;
 The Regions of eternal Day
 But Shadows of his Glory are.
 To him whose Majesty excels,
 Who made the Heav'n, wherein he dwells,
 Let no created Pow'r compare.
 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view,
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
 Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care ;
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,
 Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.
 When childless Families despair,
 He sends the blessing of an Heir,
 To rescue their expiring Name ;
 Makes her that barren was to bear,
 And joyfully her Fruit to rear :
 O then extol his matchless Fame !

P S A L M CXIX.

VER. 9, 10, 11, 12.

HOW shall the Young preserve their Ways,
 From all Pollution free ?
 By making still their Course of Life
 With thy Commands agree.

With hearty Zeal for Thee I seek ;
 To Thee for Succour pray ;
 O suffer not my careless Steps
 From thy right Paths to stray.

Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,
 Thy Word, my Treasure, lies ;
 To succour me with timely Aid,
 When sinful Thoughts arise.

Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
 Shall ever bless thy Name ;
 O teach me then by thy just Laws
 My future Life to frame.

P S A L M CXLV.

VER. 14, 16, 19, 21.

THE Lord doth them support that fall,
 And makes the Prostrate rise ;
 For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
 Who timely Food supplies.

Whate'er their various Wants require
 With open Hand He gives,
 And so fulfils the just Desire
 Of every Thing that lives.

He grants the full Desires of those
 Who him with Fear adore ;
 And will their Troubles soon compose,
 When they his Aid implore.

My Time to come, in Praises spent,
 Shall still advance his Fame ;
 And all Mankind with one Consent
 For ever bless his Name.

P S A L M CXLVI.

VER. 6, 7, 8, 9.

THE Lord who made both Heav'n and Earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his stedfast Truth,
 Nor make his Promise vain.

The poor Oppress'd, from all their Wrongs
 Are eas'd by his Decree ;
 He gives the Hungry-needful Food,
 And sets the Pris'ners free.

By him the Blind receive their Sight,
 The Weak and Fall'n he rears ;
 With kind Regard and tender Love
 He for the Righteous cares.

The Stranger he preserves from Harm,
 The Orphan kindly treats,
 Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
 Of wicked Men defeats.

P S A L M CL.

VER. 1, 2, *last*, and *Gloria Patri*,

O Praise the Lord in that blest Place
 From whence his Goodness largely flows ;
 Praise Him in Heav'n, where He his Face,
 Unveil'd, in perfect Glory shows.

Praise Him for all the mighty Acts,
 Which He on our Behalf has done ;
 His Kindness this Return exacts ;
 With which our Praise should equal run.

Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
 The Breath he does to them afford,
 In just Returns of Praise employ ;
 Let every Creature praise the Lord.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host ;
 Praise Him all Creatures here below ;
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

C H R I S T M A S - D A Y.

P S A L M CXVIII.

VER. 24, 25, 28, 29.

THIS Day is God's, let all the Land
Exalt their cheerful Voice ;
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

Him that approaches in God's Name,
Let all th' Assembly bless :
We that belong to God's own House,
Have wish'd you good Success.

Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name ;
Because Thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.

O then with me, give Thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove,
And let the Tribute of our Praise
Be endless as his Love.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

P S A L M CXXX.

VER. 1, 5, 7, 8.

FROM lowest Depths of Woe,
To God I send my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
And graciously reply.

My Soul with Patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord ;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.

Let Isr'el trust in God ;
No Bounds His Mercy knows ;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows.

Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey ;
O healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse
And wash our Guilt away !

E A S T E R - D A Y .

P S A L M C H E .

VER. 1, 2, 8, 12.

MY Soul, inspired with sacred Love;
 God's holy Name for ever bless ;
 Of all His Favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful Thanks express,

'Tis He that all thy Sins forgives,
 And after Sicknefs makes thee sound ;
 From Danger He thy Life retrieves,
 By Him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender Love,
 And unexampled Acts of Grace ;
 His waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,
 His willing Mercy flows apace.

As far as 'tis from East to West,
 So far has he our Sins remov'd :
 Who with a Father's tender Breast,
 Has such as fear Him always lov'd.

W H I T - S U N D A Y .

P S A L M CXLV.

VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

THE Lord is good ; fresh Acts of Grace,
His Pity still supplies ;
His Anger moves with slowest Pace,
His willing Mercy flies.

Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
To all thy Works express ;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy Servants blest.

They with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy Kingdom speak ;
And thy great Pow'r by all admir'd,
Their lofty Subject make.

God's glorious Works of ancient Date
Shall thus to all be known,
And thus his Kingdom's royal State
With public Splendor shown.

H Y M N I.

The Music by Mr. Riley.

THOU gracious Lord who didst reprove
 That false mistaken Care
 Which check'd young Children brought by Love
 Thy flowing Grace to share.

How wilt thou now applaud and bless
 Their generous Piety,
 Who sav'd us from the worst Distress,
 And brought us, Lord, to thee !

O grace us with thy powerful Touch,
 And (in thy Arms inclos'd)
 Let it again be said, of such
 Thy Kingdom is compos'd.

Thus shall their Pains have full Reward,
 Who laid us at thy Feet ;
 When in thy Kingdom, thus prepar'd,
 This tender Flock they meet.

HALLELUJAH.

H Y M N II.

*The Music by Mr. Long,**Late Organist of St. Peter le Poor, Broad-street.*

HOW blest are they, who in their Prime
 The Paths of Truth have early trod,
 Who yield the First-fruits of their Time,
 And consecrate their Youth to God. !

In meek Simplicity how great !

In spotless Innocence how strong !

Eternal Crowns their Deeds await,
 And happy Days their Lives prolong.

Lo, in the Word of God how clear
 Are read the Precepts of our Ways !

O, open ye your Ears, and hear ;

Your Eyes, and see ; your Lips and praise.

What from his Bounty we receive,

That to his Glory let us pay :

We praise Him, when to Him we live ;

We hear, when hearing we obey.

To Father, to the Son, with Thee,

O Holy Ghost, our Notes we raise ;

In Faith, in Hope, in Charity,

By Thankfulness, by Prayer, and Praise.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N III.

The Music by Mr. Arnold.

FATHER of Mercy, hear our Pray'rs
For those who do us Good ;

Whose Love for us a Place prepares,
And kindly gives us Food.

Each Hand and Heart that lend us Aid,

Thou dost inspire and guide ;

Nor is their bounty unrepaid,

Who for the Poor provide.

Thou still shalt be our grateful Theme,

Thy Praise we'll ever sing ;

Our Friends the kind refreshing Stream,

But Thou th'unfailing Spring.

For those whose Goodness founded this,

A better House prepare ;

Receive them to thy heav'nly Bliss,

And may we meet them there !

May all the pleasing Pains they share

Be crown'd with wish'd Success ;

The present Age applaud their Care,

And future Ages bless !

So shall the Helpless who remain

Expos'd as we before,

Increasing still our humble Train,

With louder Songs adore.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N IV.

The Music by Mr. Long.

O THOU, from whom all Good descends,
To thee our Praise we pay :

On whom the heavenly Host attends,
Whom Heav'n and Earth obey.

A Sparrow falls not to the Ground
Without thy Providence ;
Thy Mercy there thy Servants found,
Thy Mercy rais'd us thence.

May those who in our Cause engage,
By thee be amply paid ;
The weaker both our Sex and Age,
The nobler is their Aid.

Avoiding Rocks on either Side,
An equal Course they steer ;
Indecent Want and gaudy Pride,
Alike are Strangers here.

May we, with humble Diligence,
Improve our Patron's Cost !
So shall their Trouble and Expence,
Be not entirely lost.

Now to the co-eternal Three,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore,
As was, and is, all Glory be,
Till Time shall be no more.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N V.

The Music by Mr. Long.

TO Thee, great God, our Thanks we owe ;
 Thy Goodness we adore ;
 Who bid'st the feeling Heart to glow
 With Pity for the Poor ;
 Who let'st the infant Orphan share,
 The good Man's Riches, Love and Care.
 Obscur'd by mean and humble Birth,
 In Ignorance we lay,
 Till christian Bounty call'd us forth,
 And led us into Day ;
 Taught us the Word of God t'explore,
 To ask his Love, and dread his Power.
 Oh ! look for ever kindly down,
 On those that help the Poor ;
 Oh ! let Success their Labours crown,
 And Plenty heap their Store ;
 And may that Mite, by us possess'd,
 Diffuse a Blessing o'er the rest.
 And when before thy Judgment-Seat,
 With trembling Hope we go,
 Reward or Punishment to meet,
 For what we do below,
 Our shouting Voices shall declare
 Their tender Love to us while here.

HALLELUJAH.

H Y M N VI.

The Music by Mr. Riley.

TO thee, O Lord, our God and King,
 Whose Mercies ne'er decay,
 We thus in artless Numbers sing,
 And thus our Praise we pay.

Whate'er is human ebbs and flows,
 As wasting Time prevails ;
 But Grace divine no Changes knows,
 Charity never fails.

From thence flow plenteous Streams and clear,
 And may they never cease !
 'Tis you who plant and water here,
 'Tis God that gives th' Increase.

May He your pious Alms regard,
 Your Warmth of Zeal approve,
 With ample Blessings still reward
 The Labour of your Love.

Rescu'd from Want, from Vice and Shame,
 We'll all our future Days,
 Our great Creator's Love proclaim,
 And live but to His Praise.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

H Y M N VII.

The Music by Mr. Valton.

O GRACIOUS Lord ! cœlestial King !

Whose Goodness raptur'd Seraphs sing,

In never-ceasing Lays ;

From Heav'n look down, in Mercy hear

Our feeble infant Voices bear

The Echo of thy Praise.

We know that grateful Love alone,

From Earth can reach thy Glory's Throne ;

This Tribute You receive,

For all thy Blessings shower'd down,

For all the Joys that Virtue crown,

Or Piety can give.

When, helpless, plung'd in Life's rude Wave,

Thy providential Arm could save,

And bring to Safety's Shore ;

Where meek-ey'd Charity appears,

And wipes away our orphan Tears,

Where Storms affright no more.

O gracious Lord ! cœlestial King !

Whose Goodness raptur'd Seraphs sing,

In never-ceasing Lays ;

From Heav'n look down, in Mercy hear

Our feeble infant Voices bear

The Echo of thy Praise.

H Y M N VIII.

(From a New Translation of Psalm VIII.)

The Music by Mr. Arnold.

O GOD, how Worlds on Worlds proclaim,
How the high Heav'ns resound thy Name,
Beyond all Glory bright !
Ev'n lisping Babes thy Being bless,
Their Smiles thy Providence confess,
And vindicate thy Might.

The Sun, exhaustless Fount of Day,
The Moon, the Stars, when I survey,
In ceaseless Order move ;
Thy Works, thy Wonders, when I see,
Great God ! what's Man ? what's Man, that he
Should thus engage thy Love ?

F I N I S.



